WILLIAM J. McELROY.

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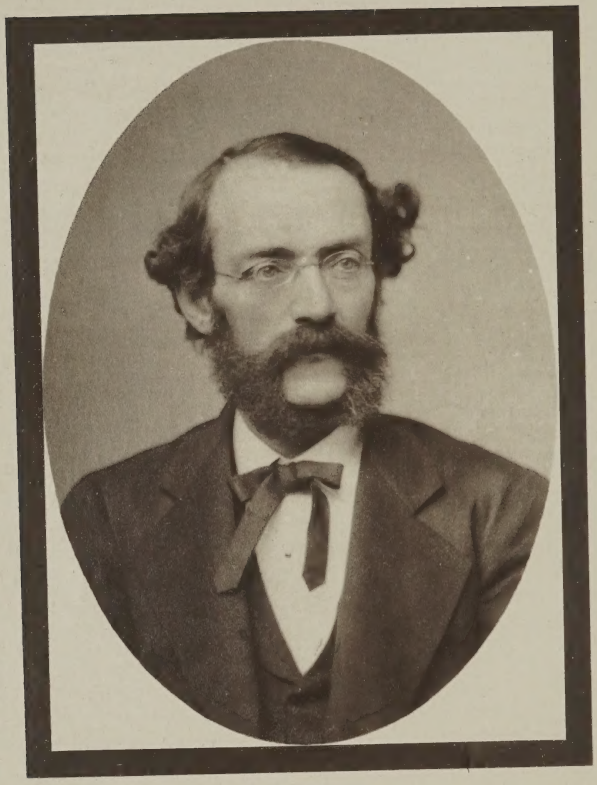
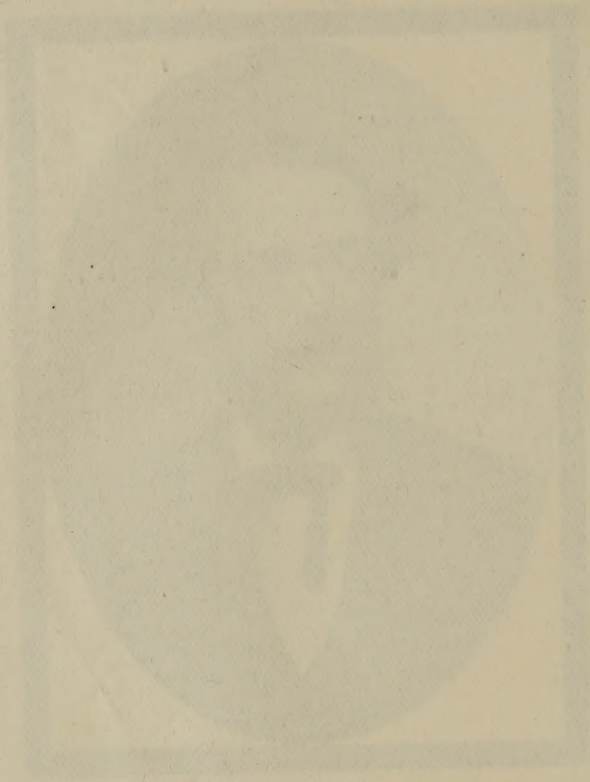


Truly Yrs
W. L. McElroy



MEMORIAL.

WILLIAM J. McELROY, ESQ.

PHILADELPHIA:
1877.

William J. McElroy, Esq.

THE LAST OF A PRECIOUS LIFE.

No event has shocked Philadelphia to its very heart as the sudden death of the eminent attorney, citizen, and Christian, William J. McElroy, Esq., which occurred in the storm of Thursday night, the 4th instant, on the Belvidere division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, by the breaking of a culvert, near Milford, New Jersey. The sorrow is profound, amounting to that gloom that cannot be lifted by the importunities of daily duties and diversions. All are impressed with its unspeakable sadness. It seems as if a light that had burned so steadily, and yet so benignantly as to be a necessity as well as a pleasure, had been quenched in a moment, and all eyes found themselves directed in the void of darkness.

Mr. McElroy was about forty-nine years of age. Born in Philadelphia, of that pure gold in the line of noble life, Scotch-Irish parentage, he was trained in sound religious doctrine from his infancy, and he learned subjection to authority in the home of his childhood, so well that it was ever thereafter the harmony of his life. He, in the depths of his moral consciousness, respected legal and moral authority, and by nature was loyal to all that was good in the human or divine. One of his companions, much older, stated publicly, a few days ago, that his first acquaintance with him was thirty-five years ago, in the Central Presbyterian Church, then Dr. McDowell's, as a little boy, twelve or fourteen years old, carrying the Sabbath-school books to the classes, and doing other like duties. Said he, "One thing was remarkable in the boy as the earnest of the man, that from childhood he was an attentive and earnest listener to the preached Word."

When Dr. McDowell left to organize the Spring Garden Church, his parents united with the church of Dr. Dales, and here he and his sister were known as the best-informed youth in the Bible and Cate-

chism in the church, for which they were publicly commended at an anniversary about a year ago. The family of Mr. McElroy had been originally connected with Dr. Boardman's church, where he was baptized, and for the pastor of his infant years he had always the greatest affection. When he came to manhood he went there to hear the lectures given by Dr. Boardman to men of business, etc., which, according to his own account, had much to do with shaping his life, and of which we heard him speak in praise only a few months since. He imbibed with great enthusiasm both Dr. Boardman's sentiments and his style, and was as chaste in his selection of words, and as compact in his sentences, which is saying a great deal. When pleading a case one was constantly reminded of his master and his model. He made profession of his faith in this church, and became the superintendent of its Sabbath-school, which he filled with fidelity and blessing for years, and where his name was cherished for the good he did, and where we doubt not his memory will grow more fragrant now that he has gone from us.

The community at large would not forgive us if in this brief outline of such a life we had no word to speak of his public life and career. We are sure that we speak the mind of the profession when we say he was one of the best lawyers that graced the bar. He was not only able in discriminating and sifting truth from testimony, but able in expounding the law, grasping it philosophically. He was unusually careful in the preparation of his cases, and was well posted in legal literature. His judgment was unusually good, and his integrity was a capital on which he could safely rest, other things being equal, before any court. His genial manners, well-poised temper, self-negation, esteeming others better than himself, made him everybody's friend within the profession. One of our most eminent lawyers said a few days ago that last Saturday was the saddest day he had ever witnessed about the courts.

If he had lived he would have been compelled to yield to the public demand that he should go on the bench, and no better man could have gratified the public desire. But in the church his life was brightest. He was useful everywhere. He became identified with the Alexander Presbyterian Church about ten years ago, was soon made the superintendent of its Sabbath-school, and next one of its ruling elders. Here his life served as a connecting link to bind all interests together. As a superintendent he had no superior. He labored for the truth, and disseminated it, and was rewarded, and will be rewarded through time unmeasured. He was loved by the scholars, and was, at his death, a great favorite among the young,

especially with the young men. As a ruling elder he was a model. He understood both the law and the spirit of the Church, being a Presbyterian not only by education, but inheritance and love. He was Clerk of the Session, and through its dark intervals he was its wisest counsellor, and often its Moderator. He was loved by his brethren, who involuntarily smiled when he entered the room, and never felt like doing much in his absence.

In Presbytery he was the peer of the best, and carried unusual weight, both in its discussions and deliberations. One of his best efforts, which will not soon be forgotten, was his masterly plea, before the Central Presbytery of Philadelphia, for the rights of the chapel under the care of the Alexander Church, at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Montgomery Avenue. His heart was in missionary work, and the last work he did was in counsel for the best interest of the mission so near his heart. He was always the friend of the pastor, as were all his pastors his friends. He never found fault with preaching, and though the best judge, he was the most easily pleased, if it were only the gospel.

The people loved him, and were always inspired by his presence and words. He ruled not because he wanted to, but because he espoused the right, and could not help it; and his rule was so gentle that it was a pleasure to obey. He held some of the most important trusts in the Church,—not by compliment, but of necessity, because he did everything so timely and well. He was one of the members of the Board of Publication, one of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital, and often on its Visiting Committee. He did more legal service for the Church than any other man of whom we knew.

We cannot enumerate the sacred trusts which will suffer for the want of his presence and care; but it is in his family the heart feels most his loss. Here we all weep our bitterest tears. He was a saintly father, a loving husband. His presence was the very joy of the household. We were never in a better regulated or more lovely family. The fragrance of his best life was ever there. He leaves a wife and five children,—a son nineteen years of age, at the time when a son so much needs the counsel and fellowship of a father. But he has left them a legacy with heaven in it. They are now under the peculiar care of a covenant Saviour. His last interview with them was in the Sabbath night's family prayer, and in it was placed the treasures of his love. The Church bows her head in such grief as has never been known within her walls. On Sabbath last, at the communion, his form did not appear to bear the sacred vessels; but in tears we looked higher, and learned a lesson in that faith which

receives the truth, "Absent from the body, but present with the Lord."

As his pastor, we may say that in all our ministerial life we have experienced no such affliction. We put him, now that he has gone, beside our mother, and grieve in like sorrow over the absence of both. And our Church repeats the words written of the elders of the Church of Ephesus, "Sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more."—*The Presbyterian*, October 13, 1877.

AT REST WITHIN THE TOMB.

The painful anxiety hanging over our whole community concerning the body of the late Mr. W. J. McElroy was dispelled on Friday, the 12th instant, by the discovery of his body in the Delaware River, not far from the scene of the disaster. His remains were brought to Philadelphia, and buried quietly in Woodland Cemetery on Saturday, 13th, with only his family and family relatives, and the session and part of the trustees of the Alexander Church present. The body could not be kept longer, and hundreds of people were on this account deprived of the privilege of showing that respect which they desired.

Memorial services were held in the Alexander Presbyterian Church, and a sermon preached by the pastor on Sabbath, 14th instant. A great congregation came from all over the city, and an unspeakable sadness characterized the entire services. Judges of the courts and a very large representation of the Bar were present, not as a matter of decent form, but out of real grief at the loss of one so well esteemed. There was also, on Monday, a meeting and a large attendance of the Bar, and fitting tributes were paid in both addresses and resolutions. The Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital joined the list in words of appreciation and sorrow most just. Never did life finish in a rounder or fuller period. Earth and memory now take charge, and hope stretches out unto the resurrection.—*The Presbyterian*, October 20, 1877.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15, 1877.

REV. S. A. MUTCHMORE, D.D.,
Pastor Alexander Presbyterian Church.

DEAR SIR,—The undersigned, members of the Bar of Philadelphia and others, listened yesterday with melancholy pleasure to your eloquent and pathetic Memorial Sermon on the late William J. McElroy, Esq., delivered in your church, and we respectfully request that it may be published. In your exhaustive description of his character, in your deep sympathy for the loss sustained by his friends, in your tenderness for the overwhelming grief of his family, in your earnest appeal to your hearers to take to heart the lessons of his life, you gave the fullest possible expression of the sorrow all who knew him share in the untimely death of Mr. McElroy. What he was in the Church, and in all good works associated with it, you have described from your intimate pastoral and personal relations, and you have also given an exhaustive account of what he was at the Bar and in his private life. We ask your leave to print, with your Memorial Sermon, the proceedings of the Bar meeting held to-day, for we think we can thus best put upon record the estimate of those who knew Mr. McElroy, his great usefulness in every part of his life, and the general grief for his death. We thank you for your tribute to him; your Memorial Sermon will, we are sure, be most gratefully read by all who heard it, and by the family and the friends of Mr. McElroy, as a truthful, earnest, and sincere appreciation of the many virtues that made him so deservedly popular in life, so universally mourned in death.

Very respectfully yours,

JAS. R. LUDLOW.	WM. GREW.
WM. S. PEIRCE.	S. MAX. MCINTYRE.
CHARLES GILPIN.	THOS. J. HUNT.
HENRY S. HAGERT.	GEO. H. STUART.
GEO. JUNKIN.	THOMAS COCHRAN.
JOHN B. GEST.	JOHN MASON.
JOHN K. VALENTINE.	JNO. H. WATT.
J. ROBINSON.	WM. F. GRIFFITTS, JR.
W. N. ASHMAN.	ROBT. H. HINCKLEY, JR.
VICTOR GUILLOU.	SAMUEL DICKSON.
JARVIS MASON.	DAVID WEATHERLY, JR.
A. P. DOUGLASS.	J. SERGEANT PRICE.

J. G. ROSENGARTEN.

TO HONS. JAS. R. LUDLOW, WM. S. PEIRCE, CHAS. GILPIN, AND OTHERS.

GENTLEMEN,—I cheerfully accede to your request, and the manuscript of my humble tribute to the memory of our departed friend is at the disposal of the committee having in charge the preparation of the Memorial volume.

Yours in sympathy,

S. A. MUTCHMORE,
Pastor of the Alexander Presbyterian Church.

SERMON BY REV. S. A. MUTCHMORE, D.D.,

Delivered at the Alexander Presbyterian Church, October 14, 1877.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. I. 21.

Ἐμοὶ γὰρ τὸ ζῆν Χριστος, καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν, κέρδος.

For me therefore the to live is Christ or for Christ and the to die *gain.*

We have *first* the source of the vitality of Christian life described. Our life is Christ's. The text is the apostle's inference and application from and of the words of Jesus, "I am the vine, and ye are the branches."

It is the same relation set forth in Galatians under the form of a living crucifixion, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in *me:* and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God." In this same strain Luther says, "If any one knocks at the door of my breast and says, Who lives there? my answer is, Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther. For me to live is Christ," etc. "For me to burn," said one of the ancient martyrs, "is light." The Saviour said, "As oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death." The apostle says, "For me to live is Christ," for in his new life he shows forth the fruit of Christ's death, he exhibits Christ. This which appears as mystical is lighted by the Saviour's own words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much *fruit.*" Here we see how our life can be "hid with Christ in God," and thus "to live is Christ." The wheat corn dies around the life hid within, and thus life is by its death; and so our life is hid in Christ's death, and, by his union of the human with the divine, our life is hid in God.

The life whose departure from our midst, and on account of which we are here under this trial, was singularly illustrative of the first statement of the text, "For me to live is Christ." The impulses of Christ's life that swayed the heart of the man lay in the bosom of childhood. He was an anointed child, set apart from birth to the mission he filled so well. A friend to one of our elders said, "I went to school with him when he was a little boy; and as he was *then,* so was he as a man." He lived Christ, and for Christ. Another elder said, "I knew him thirty-five years ago, when he was twelve or fourteen years old. He was carrying the books to the teachers in the Sunday-school of Dr. McDowell's church, and working with the fidelity that glorified his life in the duties that came nearest to hand."

He had no trouble in finding either place or work. For him to live was Christ, who had no trouble in finding a place in the world, and plenty to do and suffer in it, until at last he said, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." The same informant said, "Another thing most remarkable was the attention, even as a little boy, he gave to the preached Word." Here "he lived Christ" in his reflections, who, when only twelve years old, was found in the temple, hearing and inquiring into the mysteries of God's revealed truth. So, starting with Christ in childhood, he walked and talked with him all the journey through, until "he was not, for God took him." It was said, about a year ago, of this departed saint and his sister, that while they were yet in their childhood, in Dr. Dale's church, they excelled all their companions in reciting verses of Scripture and the Catechism, and in answers to questions on Scripture, doctrine, and practice, were away beyond their years. And it was thus in living Christ that his mind strengthened in principle, practical piety became a grounded habit of his life,—so that a public profession of his faith and visible union with the church was no surprise. His childhood's steps were all in this direction. His life was lived to an end,—to the *coronation*,—and so he lived like an heir *apparent*. He united with Dr. Boardman's church twenty-two years ago, where his well-stored mind and quickened spiritual being brought him rapidly into positions of great usefulness and honor. His love for preaching was gratified, and his growth in all the elements of Christian manhood became a thing of daily observation, and "Men took knowledge of [him] that [he] had been with Jesus."

There is a marked difference in men who receive and improve the instructions of the pulpit, no matter in what business they are. No man who expects to live to any good to himself, family, society, business, or country, can afford to lose this great source of instruction, directly to good living, incidentally in all knowledge. And in this connection was in the deceased a rare quality. He never found fault with preaching, if it was the gospel. He was helpful to his pastors,—was a favorite with them. When in the country, away from his own denomination, he was accustomed, with true catholicity of spirit, to worship at the Episcopal *church*, and one of the most appreciative and tender tributes was in a letter from the venerable Rev. W. F. Halsey.

He drew very fine distinctions between right and wrong, and practiced them severely. He was just in his convictions of right and duty towards God and man, and insisted that others should come up to that standard. But he was charitable withal to human frailties; he

was compassionate, and tender as a woman; he found *good* in the weakest, and loved to exalt it as a kind of luxury to his own soul. He popularized vital godliness without impinging on its principles or offending men by his apparent sanctity. He was unusually popular among men in his profession and in political circles, and yet there was no shadow of the demagogue, no compromise of principle; he was tenacious to the very minutia of that which was *right*, and you could perceive its contact over men as the needle shows the presence of the loadstone. Men with loose notions were either restrained instinctively or stretched upwards, in imitation at least of his purity, in his presence.

We are now led to the query of how these daily springs were fed. 1. He was *trustful*. He believed God. His mind was a cornucopia of promises, stored away in childhood, and Christian manhood was but their daily unfolding. We see his life, in this respect, in the difference between the two kinds of magnets. The steel magnet receives its magnetism from the loadstone, and has it permanently. It can get along very well alone, in a small way. It will pick up filings, needles, and amuse children. But there is a better kind, made of soft iron with a coil of copper wire around it,—and when the battery is ready, and the cups filled, and the connections made, this magnet is a hundred times stronger than the steel one, which represents the man of merely a moral life, however upright; he has no personal affinity in his principles with the fountain of all good. But the soft-iron magnet is the Christian, with principles drawing him to the right, incarnate in life, with head-power impelling, all depending solely on his connection—faith,—mightiest of all by its affinities, weakest of all without them.

2. He was *prayerful*. He begged his daily bread from God with all the simplicity and confidence of a child. And not only prayerful but trustful, and these were the propelling forces of his life, and were in him as the positive and negative poles of the same battery. His faith joined his being to God's,—hid his life in *his*. His prayerfulness gave pulsation and motion, so that men saw and felt that for *him* "to live was Christ."

He was frail, yet every day brought strength for the duties to be done. He seemed to have a daily renewal. And the analogies around us suggest this need to the soul.

The fire needs a constant supply of fresh fuel. The fertile plot of ground will soon become barren if not turned up by the shears year by year. No less a necessity is it in our spiritual life. The fire of zeal will go out if fresh oil be not poured. Hence we recognize the

pertinence of the child prayer,—O God, grant that I may burn this day with pure oil, after hearing a simple explanation of the golden candlestick within the temple, and of the oil with which it was supplied.

We shall not ever forget his prayers in this church. Our memories will be faithful to him, whether our conduct is to his life and principles or not. We shall not forget that last one within the lecture-room. How he seemed to change from the common social relations as neighbor and friend in prayer to the visitor from some holier height, as if he came out of fellowships and affinities above us! The form of his countenance would change, and his very speech would mount up on heavenly fervors, and how he would feel by his warm petitions after our cold hearts! No one prayed more fervently for the young and unconverted. He was designated by a man of the world as that elder whom he loved to hear pray. My young friends, you have lost one who loved you dearly,—who watched for your souls as one who had to give an account. Let the loss be turned into treasure of another and better kind,—those who are Christians, to higher attainments, knowing that he is not beyond the circle of your present and future; and those of you who are not, do not compel him, who loved and prayed for you, in time to condemn you in the judgment.

3. He was *dutiful*, his sense of obligation was supreme, and he lived and wrought as if obligation was a privilege. In every department of life's work and enjoyment, duty ran through as a deep undertone. We need only point to his duties done to the church. *Fidelity in his lot* might well be inscribed over his resting-place as the principal result of life. As a superintendent of the Sunday-schools, how well he kept obligation abreast of all plans and labors! The end proposed, as the results show, was nothing less than the salvation of the souls under his care. To this end how hopefully he wrought, resting on the promises of God! how enthusiastic in love for souls! how well he taught the *formulas* of the church, because he believed these to be truths as nails driven in a sure place! He inspired his scholars to the duty, and if they had no better motives they would do it to please him. There was in his time no reading answers from lesson papers, but the repeating of what had been stored in memory.

His example was all in the direction of *faithfulness*. We are sorry, my brethren, that to be just to him will condemn many who had as much strength and as many opportunities. Who ever heard him complain of weariness in the services of God's house? When did he plead weariness in other duties as an excuse from this? Only when sick indeed, or absent from the city. He felt that he needed all

the help he could get. He was always present Wednesday night. If there was a social prayer-meeting in addition during the week, he was there, if he worked half the night on his return. He was always present, except when providentially hindered, at all the services of the Sabbath.

He, frail as he was, could attend the preaching in the morning; could teach as long and faithful as any in the Sabbath-school in the afternoon; and could stay for the teachers' prayer-meeting; could go to the chapel if necessary; could be at the church at night, without uttering the wail of cold hearts,—What a weariness it is!

As an elder, we need only appeal to you for a just judgment. In the session-room, he was a counsellor and companion, ever hopeful, because the church belonged to Christ, who loved it and cared for it. How inspiring was that heaven-lit face to the *timid* Christian when he was examining candidates for church membership! How watchful and solicitous for those astray! How anxious that the church might do her whole work of missions, home and foreign! How solicitous for the welfare of our chapel, and that the church should provide for it, and that the young should work in it! How gentle at the sick-bed! What a peacemaker he was in his ability to remove misapprehensions, and to point the course of right and true progress! One said about this influence on congregational meetings, that when we would get tangled and fretful he would talk a few minutes and the congregation felt it a duty and pleasure to do as he suggested. How long and out of how many places we will miss him! Presbytery will miss him; Synod and the Assembly will miss him; the Boards will miss him; the hospital,—not least the love of his heart, that little Howard Hospital,—the widow, and orphan, and the oppressed will miss him; all benefactions too, for he was a liberal giver. His giving was the outgoing of gratitude to God and love to his fellow-men. It was as generous as good. Oh, it has made a great gap in our midst, as when a tall oak falls the very skies seem bereft, and men pause and ask what made that gap, and the younger trees shrink from filling it. Oh, brethren! with tears in our eyes and griefs in our hearts, it is a privilege to preach the memorial of such a man. What a sense of heaven-given freedom takes possession of tongue and thought! You are not afraid of the impulses of affection unrestrained, either misleading yourself or others.

How his progress as a Christian animates us! How his faithfulness to duty gives both model and strength! How strangely in contrast is it with many who seem either water-logged, or, at best, seem only to be running the zigzags of moral fence worm, indirect in

progress and undecided in each moral crisis! Help nobody, and discourage and disappoint every heaven-born expectation. When I think of the poor progress multitudes make, even in the sunshine of God's mercies, over paths made straight for their feet, and think of his, I am confounded. Compared with these, with appetites so dainty and capricious for the truth; with dispositions never so satisfied as spending themselves and strength in finding fault with the truth preached. Who fall faint at each little cross imposed. Can endure only a service a week, and that must be diluted, spiced, and perfumed. Who have not so much as learned that there is a luxury in being tired for Christ. I am reminded of a snail, pointed out to me by one of the elders the other night, struggling across the study carpet; a long trail was marked over the carpet, of its wasted body. It was wasting its body on the way of its struggle. Alas, I thought, this is the way most are travelling to heaven, as if some painful viscus was holding them, instead of living Christ, and moving with God-given energy and freedom, laying aside every weight and every sin, and running with patience the race set before them.

But our outline memorial would be incomplete, either in the eyes of justice or for any practical advantage to others, if we had no word as to his business or professional life. What we have said prepares the most superficial for a true judgment. He carried heaven-born principle into everything. As a lawyer, in the average of its true elements, I offend none in assigning him to the first *rank*. He had first a character with court, jury, clients, and with his colleagues that was priceless. They all believed in him. Even those professionally opposed at any time knew that he was above the tricks and subterfuges of the lower average of the profession. His truthfulness in both speech and impression was proverbial. His honesty was better than his bond, for there are legal and moral conditions that may mitigate or absolve a man from a bond; but *his obligations*, incarnated in honor, had no limits in his conscience short of absolute fulfilment.

His mind was legal in its structure, his perceptions were quick and clear, his judgment good, with grasp of reason wide enough to take him into the line of causation, and with powers of generalization which lifted him far beyond the mere statutory lawyer. His power of concentration, giving an intense application in preparation, found him always prepared for any emergency. He was calm, lucid, dignified, and suave, with a chaste diction without any of the flourishes of oratory. But eloquence, so far as we are able to grasp and define, is the art of being listened to, and in this sense he was eloquent.

He was being prepared by the favor of his brethren for the bench. He was more frequently chosen master, and gave better satisfaction than any we know of in this department of judicial service. Frequently cases were taken from court where the parties bound themselves not to appeal from his decision. Such a work shows not only legal ability and integrity, but the confidence of the legal profession. But these transient hopes and aspirations and confidences are all past now,—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

We devote the little time which your patience will give us to the second member of the text,—*to die is gain.* You say, Why was such a man taken when capable of so much good and so needed in his family, the church, and his profession? We answer still, *to die is gain.* First, to *Christ;* second, for *himself.* To *Christ,* in showing what sin has *done* and what grace can *do,* for the sting of sin is death. God is no respecter of persons. His own Son, voluntarily allied to the race, had to die. "He who knew no sin was made sin and tasted death for every man."

In times of human servitude a company of thoughtless young men were witnessing the burial of an old slave. His clothing showed how abject his servitude had been; the patches on the knees of his trousers appeared from the rough board coffin in which he lay; his poor old hands were horny with a life of toil, now happily ended; and as they were lowering his body, the old black preacher quoted, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." He also spoke of his lowly life and death; and pointing his finger tenderly at the thoughtless group of young masters, as he called them, with the tears lying in the wrinkles of his old face, said, by way of exhortation,

> "Princes, this *clay* must be *your* bed in spite of all your powers;
> The tall, the wise, the reverend head, must lie as low as ours."

No man of that group ever needed any better commentary on the words,—God is at the grave's mouth no respecter of persons.

Second. To show the power and triumphs of Divine grace. Perhaps, as we have been speaking of the good qualities of the man, some may have thought may-be he was born to this heritage. No, no. He was heir with ourselves to a corrupt nature, to a heart deceitful and as prone to sin as a charred surface to catch sparks. None ever heard him at a throne of grace who did not hear his confession of sin and pleadings for pardon and restraining grace, as if he were the chief of sinners saved by grace. He was a monument of grace; a brand snatched from the burning. It was gain for him to die; his work was done. The fruit had ripened as much as it would under

these dark and tearful skies, and he was called up to his reward suddenly, and so spared the long exhaustion of the multitudes in dying. He was spared the terrible ordeal of a painful, agonizing farewell to loved ones, where each hand has to be grasped and each tearful face kissed. It is terrible for parents in full consciousness to go through the ordeal of farewells, and to close their eyes and ears amid the wails of grief. For him to die when, where, and as he did *is gain.* It is gain to his family, though their eyes may be too full of tears, minds too occupied with grief, now to see it. His life-work must be made operative in their necessities. We can reverently use the words of the Saviour, for the truth conveyed does have practical relevance in these earthly separations,—It is expedient that I go away. They are to be lifted out of the domain of sense up into that of faith. He meant that they should change worlds, out of sense into hope and memory. So does he wish us, brethren; the form will greet our senses no more, but the life will rise in spiritual proportions out of our *griefs.* It was expedient that Jesus should go out of the family circle; that his mother should be a widow; but it was to make room for John to come in as a son in his stead. My young brother, your father has left trusts to you that will make a man of you, worthy of the name and example. Jesus said, Mother, behold thy Son! Son, behold thy mother; you are to be more than a son and brother, you are to hold the place of father to your young brothers and sisters. But do I hear you say, in sobs of grief, Who is able for these things? I answer for your hope and strength in the words of the apostle, I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me. The strength of a covenant God is left for you, who has said, I will never leave you nor forsake you. *To die is gain.*

With what a capital the members of this sorrowful family begin life! With what a legacy of pure life and example! What fragrance to walk in, to refresh and strengthen! Then accept the divine *verdict!* for him *to die is gain,* and take up his mantle, and in the strength of your father's God follow him as he followed Christ, and even the Jordan will part before you on the path of duty. It may be *gain* to the *church,* if we choose to make it; it will be the same Jesus that perfected his life who will be left to guide and strengthen ours. God can from these stones raise up children. His virtues were not his own; they were all borrowed. He shone fair as the moon among us, but it was in the borrowed robes of the sun, and so can others. God is more ready to give than you are to ask. If it makes you feel the need of more piety, higher affinities, less selfish, more benevolent, more trustful, prayerful, dutiful, more faithful to the means

of grace, more earnest to save others, more earnest for the prosperity of the church, more diligent in your families, God will make it *our gain.* Brethren holding official stations, will it do us any good, will it add aught to our faithfulness? After the first days of mourning are over will we drop back into mere snail progress? will we be conspicuous for our increased faithfulness or neglects?

Last, *it is gain to him.* Absent from the body, I can never think of the grave as the treasure-house of aught but dust; the tenant has left the demolished tabernacle. He went out in the storm and dark, but in the twinkling of the eye all was changed into the wonderment of glory. We conceive of the last sensations of death somewhat as the traveller experiences from the darkness and suffocation of smoke and exhausted air in going through Mont Cenis tunnel, when, to his bewildered amazement, the unsurpassed beauties of that valley of Italy with the city of Turin and its beauties of vine-clad hill and vale break like a paradise into view. He entered not a stranger into glory; he knew its king, and had seen him in his beauty. He was recognized by many a glorified one to whom he bore the relation of elder here. It was *social gain to him:* as a social being, one born to love and be loved, one as fond as he of social intercourse with his kind, he gained immensely by the experience called death. Almost every household is represented there; they go out singly; soon they form groups in circles, like birds that move on separately in the calm, and anon are blown along in clouds on the great winds, so the social element will prevail and be wholly satisfied there.

There are two other ideas to me associated with death; the first is, it will enlarge the circle of life. The eager Christian has the sensation of straitness; his house is too small, he will be glad when he can move out of it and have more room. The Psalmist said the Lord set him down in a large place. *The other* thought is, death will be the signal for our passing into a higher stage of capacity and its kindred joys. The character of our work often affects us, and man is often small because his labor is ignoble. But death will induct us where we shall be dignified with nobler service, and we shall gain the bearing of princes who serve in the King's presence. This, when utilized even here, ennobles us; it will be better and more congenial by and by. The minister of Frederick the Great at the Court of St. James complained to his royal master that he could not maintain the equipage of the representatives of other powers. To whom Frederick replied, "Remember, you have Frederick and his hundred thousand Prussians to attend you." Let us not forget

in the enslaving pursuits and affinities of time that we have Christ and his angels to attend us, and their companionship, will make you sharers of their dignity here, and lustrous in their glory while chained in the flesh. His death has given me a less gloomy view of death. I dreamed last night of his dying; it came to me like music, grave, solemn, sweet, with here and there a lively, quick, running, elastic tone, as when the player in the midst of some majestic movement of the lower chords flashes his hand along the higher keys. It came in the presence of the well-known face, and died away as sweetly as one of his assuring smiles, and I woke vainly waiting to see the form and hear the melody again. But instead I only heard in whispers: Tell my loved ones to be satisfied, and ere long they shall know *to die is gain*.

ACTION OF THE SESSION AND CONGREGATION OF THE ALEXANDER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Oct. 10, 1877.

At a meeting of the congregation, held in the lecture-room this evening, the following preamble and resolutions, after suitable prefatory remarks by Elder Reuel Stewart, M.D., were offered on behalf of the Session, and unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, God in his mysterious workings has taken from us our beloved elder, William J. McElroy, who has so long and usefully served this church and people; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That while deploring his loss we feel it our duty and pleasure to place on record our acknowledgments of his zeal and fidelity in all the duties that devolved upon him, of his benevolence and works of love, of his wise counsels in all our troubles, of his noble representation of our interests in the Presbyterian organization; of his meek, quiet spirit, and yet firm adherence to the laws of the Presbyterian Church; of his fine social qualities of mind and heart, whereby he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, thus being in an especial manner the peacemaker; and of the clear evidence he gave of his faith in *Christ* as his Saviour and Redeemer, 'waiting daily,' as he himself declared, for His glorious appearance;

"*Resolved*, That we hereby tender thanks to the God of life for having given us for so long a period the services of so good and godly a man, so safe and judicious a counsellor, and so wise and faithful an elder;

"*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased, and implore for them the care and consolation of the covenant-keeping God;

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the above be sent to the bereaved family, and be recorded in the archives of this Church."

BAR MEETING.

On Monday, October 15, at 12 o'clock M., the members of the Bar met in Common Pleas No. 3, to testify their respect for the late William J. McElroy.

The meeting was called to order by GEORGE JUNKIN, Esq., who moved that Judge LUDLOW act as Chairman. JOSEPH G. ROSENGARTEN, VICTOR GUILLOU, and A. P. DOUGLASS, Esqs., were selected to act as Secretaries.

Judge LUDLOW, on taking the chair, said:

No common sorrow causes us to assemble to-day. A calamity has deprived us of a brother, beloved by many, and honored by all. While we could have done nothing to avert the execution of that fatal decree which swept our brother into eternity, we can perpetuate his name and fame; they must not, shall not, perish. Let us, then, hasten to record our opinion of the moral and intellectual character of this unostentatious, guileless, Christian gentleman; this lawyer of wide knowledge and exalted ability; this honest man. Thus may we attempt, at least, to assuage the grief which pervades the whole profession, at as dark a dispensation of Divine Providence as ever flung its shadow over our Bar.

JOHN M. COLLINS, Esq., spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman,—Before introducing the minute which I am about to offer for the adoption of the Bar on the death of William J. McElroy, I feel it to be a duty no less than a privilege to say a few words respecting him. He was born in this city on the 20th of October, 1827; entered the Philadelphia High School when he was ten years old, and graduated with distinction in the first graduating class of that institution at the age of fourteen. His mathematical ability attracted the attention of that great scientist, Professor A. D. Bache, who was then the principal of the High School, and who, after he became Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, upon occasions engaged young McElroy to assist him in some of his calculations. He often referred with special pleasure to the period he spent with Professor Bache at Newport, while thus engaged. The Professor offered him a position as one of his assistants. The temptation was great, but Mr. McElroy preferred the study of the law, and Professor Bache, on reflection, kindly but reluctantly acquiesced in his preference. He afterwards, when in this city, visited his young friend, always seemed pleased to see him, and sent him copies of his

Reports of the Survey every year as long as he lived. Mr. McElroy felt honored by the patronage of Professor Bache, and entertained a very high regard for him. A short period after graduation was spent in the office of Attorney-General Ovid F. Johnson and Ashbel Green, Jr. They left the city, and Mr. McElroy entered the office of the late distinguished and lamented Constant Guillou, by whom he was registered as a student, and under whom he was admitted to the Bar on the 6th of November, 1850. He was identified with Mr. Guillou's business until January, 1856, when, feeling that it was time to break away from the overshadowing influence of a connection with his preceptor and stand alone, he became, through his solicitation, associated with me in the matter of offices, and so continued until now. Mr. Guillou, who trusted Mr. McElroy with his business, and was in the habit of relying implicitly upon him, showed his nobleness of character in approving of a change which was a severe trial to him. And the mutual affection of the two friends was never shaken. On the 1st of this month he went, with some reluctance, to Stroudsburg, to assist in the trial of a cause. On the afternoon of the 4th, after the case had been submitted to the jury, and before the verdict (which was in his favor) had been rendered, he started to return home, hastened by the illness of his youngest child; but on the way he lost his life in the slaughter at Milford, on the Delaware; about four miles from which, after a week of sickening efforts and suspense, we found his mutilated corpse, floating in the shadow of the changing foliage that overhung the river-bank. He has left to survive him his wife and five young children.

Mr. Chairman,—Mr. McElroy had a sound bodily constitution, but he was not robust. He frequently complained of being under the mark necessary for the performance of his duties; and his feebleness alone restricted the extent of his influence in the world at large. But the most precious jewels are sometimes enshrined in the frailest caskets, and so it was in this instance. Mr. McElroy started out with more difficulties than most young men, and overcame them all. He bore the yoke in his youth. But his aims were high, and, urged on by what Juvenal calls the "*res angusta domi*," and knowing that strength comes from striving, he, for three years before his admission, abandoned all social gatherings in which he had previously taken much delight, and from that time, that is, for thirty years, he has worked prodigiously and without interruption, and at his death he certainly had no superior at this Bar as a lawyer. He early acquired that faculty of viewing, as by instinct, every subject in its legal relations, which is called a "legal mind." His memory was

great, but his power of reason was greater. He frequently surprised the listener by taking two steps in a process of reasoning where an ordinary mind would take but one. His law compositions were characterized not only by profound thought, but (from his superior literary taste) by chasteness and beauty of style and the utmost clearness of expression. No man was more distressed with doubt in considering a new or difficult point, but when he had formed an opinion upon it he was immovable. He was quiet but afraid of no man; he was as much above that as he was above all pride and ostentation. His honor and integrity were above all impeachment, and rather than deliberately violate his conscience, he would have gone to the cannon's mouth or to the martyr's stake. He was faithful to his client, faithful to a colleague, faithful to the court, and faithful to the law of which he was a minister. In friendship he was unchangeable. I never knew anything against him. I never heard anything against him. A high moral purpose ruled him, and he commanded the respect of his seniors and the confidence of all. His life was one of truth, purity, and beautiful simplicity. The discipline of his temper was so perfect that, during the twenty-two years we were associated, he never took part in an angry dispute nor uttered a harsh word, and the same was the case, I am told, in his family. He was not only gentle and refined in his manners, but really a model of kindness, patience, and charity,—"that bond of perfectness." He labored much for the poor, the suffering, and the sorrowing. His care for such outside the hospitals, of which he was an officer, was quite exceptional; and with him a tale of distress from the aged and infirm often "oped the sacred source of sympathetic tears." He visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and kept himself unspotted from the world.

It need hardly be said that the source of all his virtues was his religious character. We have never seen a man more profoundly religious; for, in his office, and in all his business there and elsewhere, as well as in his household, he lived and acted with a constant reference to his accountability to his Creator. And, perhaps for that reason, he was always cheerful. And now, sir, what more can be said of a man than this? Nothing. The example of William J. McElroy has added new grace and dignity to the honored rolls of the Bar, and we can only trust that its influence may never be lost. And if any one of the younger members of the profession can only be induced to believe that this statement is not the language of blind partiality or fulsome panegyric, but the simple truth, and to imitate the excellences of him whose loss we mourn (for we cannot ask

him to avoid his faults), he will not only find it true that no man who labors on the earth to glorify his God or benefit his fellow-men ever labors in vain, and not only will have the joy of seeing the world better for his having lived, but, looking forward to the attainment of righteousness as the end of all law, he will be able to say, with the great apostle, what so few have been, but our brother just gone was able truthfully to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of this minute.

The following minute, moved by JOHN M. COLLINS, Esq., and seconded by Hon. WILLIAM A. PORTER, was adopted:

Minute adopted at a meeting of the Bar of Philadelphia, held in Common Pleas Court No. 3, on Monday, October 15th, 1877, in reference to the death of William J. McElroy, Esq.

"This meeting has shared with the Bench, the Bar, and the public in the feelings of intense sorrow for the untimely death of the late William J. McElroy, Esq., and desire to place upon record their sense of esteem, affection, and respect entertained for him. His legal abilities and acquirements placed him in the very first rank of the profession, and the thoroughness of his mastery of the principles and rules of law was attested in all of his arguments in court, while the Bar looke to him as the man, above all others, specially fitted for the discharge of high judicial functions. His skill and legal acumen in the argument of nice questions of law, and in the trial of causes before juries, was recognized by the public generally, but the Bench and the Bar alone knew of the large amount of work done by him in his frequent office of referee, arbitrator, and master. When either by the court or the agreement of counsel causes of the most complicated questions of law and fact were left to his decision, in every instance his solution showed the highest legal attainments, and a mastery of analysis and statement that gave evidence of a thoroughness of his study of every question brought before him. His clear, cogent, exhaustive, and accurate method of preparation was supplemented by the greatest possible fairness, alike to his own client and to all parties in interest, so that his brief or argument put the facts of a cause in such a way as to make almost a final summing up.

"From his stores of learning, his perfect knowledge of all questions of practice, his sound memory as to precedents and decisions, he gave freely help and aid of the most important kind to his brethren of the Bar, and they will long miss him as an authority to whom they looked with perfect certainty of receiving the best of all he knew in the wide field of practice.

"His gentleness of temper, his pleasant manners, his unruffled mildness and amiability, his generosity in aiding the juniors of the Bar, his industry in behalf of others, his indefatigable labors for the poor and the needy, for the Church and all its kindred organizations, hospitals, and other good works,—all these were

characteristics that endeared him to all who knew him, and will keep his memory fresh. He possessed elements of character of the very highest order, maintaining what he thought right in the face of public opinion, and in despite of endeavors to swerve him from the path of strict duty as he saw it marked out before him.

"The Bar of Philadelphia cannot fail to point to him as an example to the younger members of the profession, urging them to join in thus best doing honor to a man whose life was, in every respect, full of lessons of encouragement.

"The circumstances of his death were shocking and awful in the highest degree, but the first grief over, this meeting desire to convey to the bereaved family their tender sympathy and their affectionate sorrow for such a loss.

"The officers of this meeting, together with a committee of five appointed by the Chairman, are directed to send a copy of this minute to the family, and to publish it in the legal and other journals."

Hon. WILLIAM A. PORTER said:

Scarcely five years have elapsed since this Bar suffered one of its greatest losses in the death of Mr. Guillou. He was a man of rare natural endowment and strong natural affections. One of his favorite pupils was Mr. McElroy. I can trace back his history for more than a score of years. Mr. McElroy was a true man, true to his own convictions, true to his friends, true to those principles of rectitude which must ever form the foundation of enduring professional fame. His words were few, and he seemed never to speak unless it was necessary, but what he said was always clear and full of point. I do not believe he ever uttered a disrespectful word to a colleague, a client, or an opponent. He was a very undemonstrative man, and set a light value on the mere arts of oratory. In all the speeches I ever heard from him, I cannot remember that I ever saw him make a gesture. In the place of this he laid strong hold on the principles of the law as taught us by its great masters. He understood thoroughly the doctrines of real estate and of pleading. He took to the principles of equity as a child takes to that which is pleasant to the taste. I can recall many cases in which he greatly distinguished himself. In Kuhn *vs.* Newman, the whole doctrine of trusts in Pennsylvania received a serious blow. The mistake of that case was corrected in Barnet's Appeal. I heard the argument of Mr. McElroy in the latter case, and I remember it well. About ten years ago, in Sparhawk against the Passenger R. R. Co., the question came up whether an equity proceeding could be applied to the protection of a house for religious worship against the nuisance of a railroad conducted in violation of a statute; and here that distinguished jurist, Judge Strong, supported in his views by the present Chief Justice, delivered an opinion which ought to be cherished as long as the jurisprudence of Pennsylvania shall endure. In all the

branches of this case Mr. McElroy took a leading part. But why should I mention other cases? His whole professional life lies before us like an open book written in the most beautiful characters. His death was sudden in the extreme. It is nothing to die in one's home, ministered to by loving hearts, and, relying on the great principles of our religion, to pass peacefully from all these cares and disquietudes and contentions into final rest. This is not death at all,—it is life. To die in a public conveyance, in the midst of a violent tempest, at night, the poor body whirled into a violent torrent,—this indeed is sad enough. If you ask me why a life so good, so unselfish, so pure, should thus go out, I cannot tell. We can only hear the words, "Be still, and know that I am God." What can we say in such a case to his immediate family circle? What message of comfort can we send to those broken and bleeding hearts at home? Only this, that there is a place where there is no night, for the Lamb is the light thereof; that there is a place where there is no sorrow, for God himself shall wipe the tears from off all faces.

GEORGE JUNKIN, Esq., said:

I do not rise to make a set speech; but I would be untrue to every instinct of my nature as a man,—as a professional man and a Christian,—if I did not pay my tribute of respect to the memory of William J. McElroy. I know that there is the danger of extravagant eulogy, to which allusion has already been made; yet, looking back over my acquaintance with Mr. McElroy, extending over a period of nearly thirty years, and with a sincere desire to speak only that which is strictly correct, I deliberately say that there is absolutely nothing in that retrospect with which I can find a single fault. It is high praise, but it is true. You will pardon any egotism in what I say, but I cannot speak of our friend without alluding to my own personal relations with him.

It was my good fortune to know him intimately after he came from the office of that distinguished member of the Bar, whom we all not only respected, but loved, Mr. Constant Guillou. He had his office on Sixth Street, below Walnut Street, when I moved mine to Sixth and Walnut Streets, and from that time until a few years ago, when he changed his office, I saw him almost daily. There was a little coterie of lawyers that were thrown constantly together. We attended to each other's business when absent from the city; and we constantly consulted together on the various points of law that arose in our business. It was thus we all got to know Mr. McElroy most thoroughly.

I do not intend to undertake to portray all the features of his

character. That has already been well done. We are chiefly concerned now in him as a professional man. I may sum up all in saying, emphatically, that he was a thorough lawyer, in every sense of the word. He was well versed in every branch of the law; and there was no department in it into which his practice did not extend, and in them all he was the peer of all. Who ever found him unprepared to try his case, either before the court or jury? Who ever saw a slovenly-prepared paper coming from his hand? He always made himself complete master of his cases, and he was thus enabled to present them ably to the court and jury.

His beginnings were humble. He started at the very bottom, with the help of no adventitious circumstances; he had no family name or influence to help him forward; and yet he persevered year after year, until he stood among the leaders of his profession. It must not be supposed that he was unknown outside of the Bar. Wherever he went—in the church and the various charitable institutions with which he was connected—his ability was recognized and his importance was felt. Yet it was by us, his professional brethren, who knew him best, that he was most highly esteemed. His mind was a strong one. His powers of analysis were great, and he readily grasped the difficulties of any case. If there was one gift that he had above all others, it was the power of clear statement. He so completely understood his cases that he was able, in the most lucid and sharply-cut manner, to state his own side of the case, that, when he had concluded this part of his duty, the battle was half won. In this respect he always reminded me of the late distinguished George M. Wharton, who was one of the acknowledged leaders of our Bar. Nor was his success confined to his arguments before the court. While he was not an eloquent speaker, nor one of the kind whose efforts before a jury were meteoric, yet I know of few lawyers who were more successful in jury trials. He put his case to them so clearly and so honestly, that they understood and believed him.

But his professional brethren soon learned his great value in preparing cases and in arguing them. And it resulted constantly in his being taken into them, where he did the great mass of the work, and wrought out the weapon with which his senior appeared in court and achieved the victory. But they recognized his superior ability, and never detracted from his merits, or failed to give him his due share of the honors and emoluments. It has frequently been my pleasure and honor to have had him associated with me in my own cases, and I am not ashamed to say that I always felt that he was the senior and I the junior, although the reverse was the fact

on the records of the court. Nowhere was he so well known and appreciated as among his fellow-members of the Bar.

In all respects he was a model man, and especially so as a lawyer. To the younger members of the Bar he is an example they well may imitate. Let them follow in his footsteps, and be encouraged by his success. Not gifted with genius or a towering intellect, but possessing a well-balanced mind and a clear, sound judgment, by strict integrity and a careful attention to all of his business he rose from an humble and unknown position to that of one of the foremost men at the Bar. But the basis of all this was his deep religious character; and without this all else would have been vain and useless.

I feel that I have lost my best friend. We commenced our professional lives almost at the same time, and have grown up side by side. How rapidly time passes! It is only when our cotemporaries fall by our side that we realize that we are growing old. Allusion has been made to the manner of his sudden death, and the gentleman who preceded me seemed to think that it was hard that he should have died away from his home, in that dark, cold night. And we sometimes think that over the grave of such an one the monument should be a broken shaft. But not so. There are no broken shafts in God's world. His providence is over us all, and no man goes until he wills it, and all the life's work is fully done. We do not see as he does, or know as he. We shall see and know hereafter that, like all his works, it is well.

It was not mere chance here. Mr. McElroy rose from the third car as it left Milford, a half-mile north of this slaughter-place, passed through the second car into the smoking-car, and was in the act of taking his seat when that dreadful leap into the abyss was taken, and instantly that noble brow was shattered, and it was all over. Instantly, and probably without a pain, he was launched into eternity. It was God that did, and it was well. It was not chance. His work was done here; and out through the storm and darkness, and terror and discord, of that dreadful night he passed into the heavens beyond, where all is peace, and where there is no storm, but rest and joy—eternally. Surely it was well.

JOHN ROBINSON, Esq., said:

Mr. Chairman,—So seldom have I spoken on occasions like this, that it would seem, perhaps, more becoming and appropriate that I should not speak at all. I can assure your Honor and my brethren of the Bar it is no purpose of mine to attempt to emulate what has been so well and eloquently said by yourself and the gentlemen who preceded me. Yet I have known the deceased so well and so long,

—a period of nearly twenty-five years,—that I cannot permit this occasion to pass without adding my small tribute of respect to the memory of the lamented dead, to honor whom we are this day met; let me, then, ask your indulgence to the few remarks I may offer. Three times within the year, or perhaps a little over, we have been called to mourn the loss of very dear friends. First, Theodore Cuyler, then young Baldy, and now McElroy. So conspicuous, sad, and sudden have all these deaths been, and particularly the last, that we may well say

> Death loves a signal blow, a shining mark;
> A blow which while it executes alarms,
> And startles thousands with a single fall.

So sad and sudden was this death, that there comes sharply presented to the mind the question proposed to the Roman Dictator, Julius Cæsar, the very night before his death. "How would you die? What mode would you prefer?" The answer was characteristic of the life and the death of that great man,—"Cito subito," —"Most suddenly." In sharp contrast with this is the prayer of the Christian Church, or a respectable portion of it; that passage of its beautiful litany where the prayer, as announced by the priest, is from "plague, pestilence, and famine—and from sudden death."

"Good Lord, deliver us," is the devout response of the people.

If any of us should select the mode of his death, he might be puzzled for the answer, and doubt whether to select the blessing of the pagan or what would seem a curse to the Christian, but it would seem natural that we all should desire, at least, a brief period for settling our account with God, and preparing for that great day for which all other days were made. In the case of our departed brother, even this brief period did not seem to be needed, for he died as we all know he lived, ready. I have known Mr. McElroy for nearly twenty-five years, the first half professionally and intimately, the latter half very well and most intimately. So that I can speak of him with knowledge, with kindness, and affection. He had not, perhaps, that brilliance of intellect possessed by some men, whose hastiest utterances are sparks of immortality, which, like mental gems, reflect their lustre forever, and once heard become part of our mental treasure, never to be forgotten or lost, but his was that calm, serene, and steady light, which it was much more safe to follow than the more brilliant one, and which you could follow with the confidence that it pointed in the right direction, and always in the path of duty. In his intellectual efforts there was no rattling of machinery, no noisy rhetoric, no needless parade. He had a mind and memory well

stored with information and useful facts, which, on the proper occasion, he could happily apply. It may truly be said of him what Macaulay has somewhere said of Sir James Macintosh, he reminded you of the work at Solomon's Temple: you heard no sound of the axe and the hammer. The pillars and the stones, and the building, were planned and ready for erection and position without noise and confusion. His relation to the Alexander Presbyterian Church may be briefly stated. It can be said, without causing envy or contradiction, as I see members of that church now present, that no single man can take his place, or fill the vacuum caused by his sad and sudden departure. Many of this audience may have yesterday heard the tribute to his memory in the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore. That expresses more touchingly and powerfully than I can do the sentiment and feeling of that entire church to the lamented dead. How sad the picture presented in his afflicted household! His wife seems to have drunk a terrible opiate, that stupefies and depresses, and at the same moment creates terrible impressions and the sadness of despair. And then to see those dear children during the dreadful days of suspense come to the door hourly, hoping in each strange face to see the loved and the lost. That sad sight I can never forget. As an officer of the Supreme Court, I had abundant opportunity to witness the care and attention he gave to his cases; he watched and knew their status day by day. The records attest his fidelity to his clients and to duty in all his cases; the narrs, pleas, and replications were filed in due time. There were no non-pros, no nonsuits, no omission, no neglect; his legal life there, like his Christian life elsewhere, was expressed in that maxim, *vigilantibus et non dormientibus lex subvenit.* His knowledge of the Scriptures compared favorably with that of any minister of any denomination; yet this, perhaps, I ought not to say, lest I should seem to constitute myself a judge. The three books of the New Testament which most arrested his attention and study were the Presbyterian book of Romans, the Hebrews, and that beautiful Christian poem of the New Testament —the Revelation. All these he studied carefully and critically in the Bible-class of which I was a member, and in the original language. I beg your Honor's pardon for detaining you so long. I had intended to occupy only a few minutes.

HENRY S. HAGERT, Esq., said:

Mr. Chairman,—It is now thirty years since I was admitted to practice at this Bar, and during that period I, with others whom I see around me, have attended many of these mournful gatherings. Heretofore I have been contented to remain a silent listener on such occa-

sions, but I feel that I should be wanting in my duty to an old and valued friend should I fail to add my feeble tribute to the memory of our deceased brother.

I knew Mr. McElroy in boyhood; and later in life, after we had entered the ranks of the profession, we occupied adjoining offices in the same building for many years, and thus the friendship of youth was cemented and strengthened by daily intercourse. I had therefore abundant opportunity to form a just estimate of his character and abilities.

Mr. McElroy was a sound and thorough lawyer, a wise and judicious counsellor, a painstaking and industrious practitioner. The quality of his mind was essentially judicial, and while his perceptions were quick, his conclusions were generally accurate. He seldom aspired to the graces of oratory, and never indulged in those appeals to the passions and prejudices of men which occupy so large a place in the rhetoric of the day; but in the calm and clear statement of a case, and in its logical arrangement and discussion, he had few superiors. In his intercourse with his fellow-members of the Bar, he was ever kind, courteous, and considerate, while the younger members of the profession always found him ready to lend them his advice and assistance.

But as a man, in his social and personal relations with his fellowmen, what shall I say of him? What higher or better tribute can I bear to his worth and virtue than to say that he filled the full measure of all those noble attributes which make up the Christian gentleman? His temper was almost colorless, so little of passion or bitterness entered into it, if, indeed, they entered at all. His standard of honor was high, and he lived up to it. No man ever knew William J. McElroy to do a mean or an unworthy act. His heart was "open as day to melting charity," and much of the time not devoted to his profession or to his family was spent by him in works of unostentatious charity and benevolence. Of his tenderness and devotion to that family, I shall refrain from speaking. The grief and desolation of his stricken household are his best eulogy.

Thus, Mr. Chairman, for more than a quarter of a century Mr. McElroy went in and out among us, quietly and unobtrusively performing every duty which devolved upon him, winning the hearts of men by his singular gentleness and modesty, and securing their confidence by his rectitude of purpose and by the firmness with which he maintained his convictions of the right; never compromising the truth in word or act; above suspicion and beyond reproach; "wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

The manner of his death was in singular contrast with the calm and even current of his life; yet I think we may well indulge the belief that, sudden as his end was, it did not find him unprepared. While we shall miss him in our daily walks, and in the friendly encounters of professional pursuits, we shall continue to cherish his memory, and, I trust, will not fail to emulate his example.

ROBERT H. HINCKLEY, JR., Esq., said:

Mr. Chairman,—It is possible for me, a younger member of the Bar, to add something to what has been so truly and so well said by the gentlemen who have preceded me.

Privileged as I was to be intimately acquainted with Mr. McElroy, it is easy for me to say that while all that my seniors have said has indeed been strictly true, they have but slightly dwelt upon one characteristic of Mr. McElroy that endeared him to the younger members of the Bar.

My seniors here, trained as they have been, and hardened in many a legal conflict, can bear good testimony to the clear, strong intellect, the wonderful legal knowledge, and the convicting argumentative powers; but to the young lawyers, who may be said to be feeling their way among the intricacies of the profession, Mr. McElroy was no less the object of the affections as to the older lawyer he was the object of the admiration. I can speak for all young lawyers who knew him when I say we loved him. And this brings me to remark on the one quality I have referred to. He was loved because of his *sympathy*. His heart qualities were as well developed in him as were his mental powers. And no one ever went to him in doubt, perplexity, sorrow, or distress, without drawing out largely the sympathetic side of our departed brother. It seemed to me as if his strong arms were thrown around the sorrowing and suffering to support and comfort them. Is it any wonder, then, that strong men wept when his death was announced; that many lone women, whose safe and trusted counsellor he was, felt that their main-stay on this earth was gone?

The younger members of the Bar have been referred to as taking a lesson from this sad bereavement. It is as if so much learning had been taken from the Bar, so much integrity, so much real, moral worth; and that, as young men, we should each strive, by being more in love with our profession, by being, if possible, more strict in our integrity, and more earnest in our endeavors, to make up for the great loss. How best can we do so? Only by seeking to have that broad *Christian* charity or love which so eminently characterized our Brother McElroy. This was the great source of his most enduring qualities. His love to God made him the pious man he was, and this,

actuating and permeating his love for his fellows, made him the object of the respect, affection, and admiration of all who knew him.

WILLIAM S. LANE, Esq., said:

"*Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum prius.*"

The occasion upon which we have met is sad indeed. A great catastrophe has happened, and the life of one of our number has been lost. William J. McElroy, the astute, thorough, and sound lawyer, the genial companion, the true and cherished friend, the soul of honor, of severest integrity, the Christian gentleman, the highest type of manhood, meets not with us to-day, nor will we in life meet him again. His place is vacant; who can in all respects fill it? Others may be more brilliant in declamation; others may have been more popular among those with whom integrity was at a lower standard; but none were more acute or throroughly read as lawyers, or had the respect and confidence of a larger number of the best citizens. I knew him well, intimately, and had the honor to be his friend. With him, the question first and last was what is right, and every other consideration yielded to that test. Right, truth, and justice guided and ruled all his actions. He has left a name and reputation and an influence without a blemish or a stain, and with scarce a parallel. His example as a lawyer and man all may safely and wisely follow. The profession and the community have suffered in the death of William J. McElroy an irreparable loss. "*Qualis vita finis ita.*"

The Chairman appointed the committee to transmit the resolutions to the family, Messrs. JOHN M. COLLINS, WILLIAM A. PORTER, GEORGE JUNKIN, JOHN ROBINSON, SAMUEL DICKSON.

On motion adjourned.

A GOOD MAN FALLEN.

While returning from Stroudsburg, New Jersey, on Thursday evening, the 4th instant, where he had been engaged in professional business, William J. McElroy, Esq., of this city, was instantly killed. The terrible calamity occurred by the wrecking of the train while crossing a culvert that had been broken on the Belvidere division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Milford, New Jersey, during the awful storm that was prevailing.

Seldom do a whole community feel that as much worth is ever taken away at once. Rising by the surest steps to the very highest positions at the Bar, and filling some of the weightiest and most responsible offices outside the ministry in the Presbyterian Church which he loved, and having in ever genial and loving exercise everything that made him the joy and the strength of the home circle and the attraction and delight of friends, he was more loved and honored in his sphere than almost any man we ever knew.

His parents and a sister, who has been many years the cherished and worthy wife of the Rev. George Patton, of Rochester, New York, were long members of the Second United Presbyterian Church in this city; returning on their removal from us to the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Henry A. Boardman pastor, where his family had been many years before. Mr. McElroy early professed, after deep and earnest exercises of mind, his faith in Christ, and immediately and thenceforth, as long as he lived, devoted himself, in the midst of all his increasing and weighty business in his legal profession, to the work of Christ. In that Tenth Church, and later in the Alexander Church under Rev. Dr. Mutchmore, and in the mission movement of that church in an important part of the city, he acted with the deepest interest and devotion. Signally, also, did he carry his religion with him into the law-office and the court-room, and powerfully did he help to make men feel that a Christian is the highest style of man.

We loved him in his early boyhood; we admired and honored him in his noble and useful manhood; with multitudes we weep over his early grave.—*From The Christian Instructor, by Rev. J. B. Dales, D.D.*

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, OCTOBER 23, 1877.

"The members of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, in view of the sudden calamity by which their friend and co-worker, William J. McElroy, Esq., has been called away from earth and its engagements (on Thursday, October 4) since their last meeting, would put upon record their profound sense of the loss which has befallen them and the Church, as well as his household; and of the affection and esteem in which they held him for his many noble and lovely traits of character. They can only say, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

"(Signed)

"By order of the Board, "WM. E. SCHENCK,
"*Corresponding Secretary.*
"JOHN W. DULLES,
"*Editorial Secretary.*"

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL.

THE LATE WILLIAM J. McELROY, ESQ.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, held October 15, the following minute was unanimously adopted, ordered to be entered on the minutes, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased:

"We, the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, being informed of the death of our fellow-member, William J. McElroy, on the night of October 4, desire to place on record our testimony to his exalted worth, and the great loss we have sustained.

"As a member of the Presbyterian Alliance and secretary to its Committee on Hospitals in 1870, as one of the corporators of our institution in 1871, and for two years as secretary of our Board, and for the entire period of its existence as one of the most efficient and active of its members, Mr. McElroy is identified with our entire history. He gave most valuable aid in the acquisition of our property, in the preparation of, and obtaining, the charter of the corporation, in framing its laws, and starting it into being, and he has ever since been zealous and faithful in carrying on and extending its beneficent work.

"He was wise in council, clear in his judgment, calm, patient, kind, and faithful to every trust. His integrity of character was above all taint. A true Christian,

imitating Him who went about doing good, he felt the keenest sympathy in our work, and never shrank from the performance of his full share thereof.

"Mr. McElroy was eminent as a lawyer, faithful as a Christian, useful as a citizen, and in all things, we believe, adorned the doctrine of his Saviour. He has been called away in the full vigor of his intellect, and in the midst of a useful and industrious life. We would have kept him with us, but we bow in submission to the decree of Him who doeth all things well, and rejoice that we have so precious a memory of our departed friend, and that in our grief we have the strongest consolation, and feel assured that it is well with him.

"We tender his stricken household the assurances of our earnest sympathy in their great trial."

STATED MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE HOWARD HOSPITAL, MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1877.

The President *pro tem.* having announced the death on the 4th inst. of William J. McElroy, Esq., one of the Board of Managers, the following minute in regard to the sad event was unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, This Board has just been notified of the death of William J. McElroy, Esq., which occurred on the night of the 4th inst., through an accident on the Delaware and Belvidere Railroad, near Milford, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Board has heard the announcement with the deepest sorrow; feeling as it does that by this afflictive dispensation it has been deprived of a most amiable, genial, and intelligent colleague, and a most ready, earnest, and efficient fellow-laborer in the work of the Hospital. His services as secretary of the Board alone, for the long period of sixteen years, having been so valuable as to entitle him to the warmest regard and gratitude of every friend of the institution.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of this minute be sent to the family of Mr. McElroy, with the expression of the Board's sincere sympathy with them in their deep distress.

"Attest,

"G. S. BENSON,
"*Secretary pro tem.*"

A TRIBUTE FROM REV. H. A. BOARDMAN, D.D.

[NOTE.—These are extracts from a letter written to Mrs. McElroy, who, at the request of friends, consents to their insertion in this volume, as a fitting place to preserve such a high testimonial from so eminent a source.]

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 14, 1877.

Letters and papers from home brought us yesterday the tidings of your great sorrow. . . . . How often does God say to us in His providence, "Should it be according to thy mind?" Nature would fondly answer, "Yes." But the stricken believer, taught in the school of the greatest of sufferers, is enabled to look up through his tears and say, "Not as I will, but as *Thou* wilt!" Thus may it be with you, my dear afflicted friend. Certainly there is mingled with your sudden and sore bereavement all that could possibly mitigate its severity. A disciple of *Jesus* from his childhood, his whole life bore testimony to the vigor of his faith, the fervor of his love, the purity of his motives, and the unselfishness of his aims. It was his high distinction to maintain, amidst the conflicts of a laborious profession and in every sphere of life, *a spotless reputation*,—a reputation for truthfulness, integrity, honorable dealing, and unostentatious benevolence, the beautiful and harmonious outgrowth of deep-seated and all-pervading Christian principle. The *Bar* is left to mourn one of its bright ornaments, and the *Church* one of its most faithful, useful, and beloved members. . . . For the rest let us dwell, not on the momentary violences of the last scene, but on his instant transition into the presence of that Saviour whom he had so long loved and served unseen. I cannot doubt that you and your children will have his God and Saviour for your own, and that the Divine Comforter will sustain you in passing through these deep waters.

Affectionately, your friend,

H. A. BOARDMAN.

BY SUDDEN DEATH.

On the 4th of October, 1877, William J. McElroy, Esq.

BY L. F. B.

All flowers die as surely
As they attain to form;
They fade; or, prematurely
Are broken in the storm.

No care can save the flowers.
Their transitory bloom,
Though nourished for an hour,
Will turn to ashes soon.

And men must die. Anointed
Unto burial are all
In life; what time appointed
The Lord shall each one call.

Our frames are always dying.
The ministers of health,
At best, are merely trying
To give them slower death.

For death is the aim of living.
The purpose in our life
Achieves itself by giving
Ourselves to sacrifice.

And death is but the portal
To the angel-warded road,
By which, from out the mortal,
A soul ascends to God.

What matter by what impulse
The soul begins to climb;
Is any start inglorious
Whose goal is the sublime?

—*The Presbyterian*, Oct. 27, 1877.

A COPY OF THE LAST PULPIT NOTICE WRITTEN BY ELDER McELROY AS CLERK OF SESSION.

(THE ORIGINAL HAS BEEN FRAMED, AND HANGS IN THE PASTOR'S STUDY.)

"*A meeting of the members of this Church will be held on next Wednesday evening, in the Lecture Room, after service, for the election of Elders and Deacons.*"

NOTE.—An added interest attaches to this notice (penned by Elder McElroy September 30), from the fact, that at the meeting to which it refers (held October 3), his term of Eldership having just expired, he was unanimously re-elected to another term of four years, in accordance with the rotary plan adopted by the Alexander Presbyterian Church. But, verily, we "know not what shall be on the morrow" (Jas. iv. 14), for within twenty-four hours his spirit was snatched away from amid the crash, and wreck, and flood at Milford (October 4), to the presence of *Him* who sits on the *Throne*, before whom the *Elders* cast their crowns, saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created."—Rev. iv. 11.

MORAL.

"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—Luke xii. 40.

W.

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